

a public necessity, is to be commended. But a failure to convene the representatives of the people in Congress in extra session, when it involves neglect of a public duty, places the responsibility of such neglect upon the Executive himself. The condition of the public treasury, as has been indicated, demands the immediate consideration of Congress. It also has the power to provide revenues for the Government. Not to convene it under such circumstances, I can view in no other sense than the neglect of a plain duty.

I do not sympathize with the sentiment that Congress in session is dangerous to our general business interests. Its members are the agents of the people, and their presence at the seat of government in the execution of the sovereign will should not operate as an injury but a benefit. There could be no better time to put the Government upon a sound financial and economic basis than now.

Thinks the People Want It.

The people have only recently voted that this should be done, and nothing is more binding upon the agents of their will than the obligation of immediate action. It has always seemed to me that the postponement of the meeting of Congress until more than a year after it had been elected, deprived Congress too often of the inspiration of the popular will and the country of the corresponding benefit. It is evident, therefore, that to postpone action in the presence of so great a necessity would be unwise on the part of the Executive, because unjust to the interests of the people. Our actions now will be freer from more partisan consideration than if the question of tariff revision was at issue.

Politics Will Not Interfere.

We are nearly two years from a Congressional election, and politics cannot so greatly distract us as if such contest was immediately pending. We can approach the problem calmly and patriotically, without fearing its effect upon an early election.

Our fellow-citizens who may disagree with me upon the expediency of this legislation, prefer to have the question settled now, even against their preconceived views, and perhaps settled so reasonably, and I think with so much wisdom, that they will permit me to believe that they will have further uncertainty menacing the vast and varied business interests of the United States.

Congress in Ten Days.

Again, whatever action Congress may take will be given a fair opportunity for trial before the people are called to pass judgment upon it, and this I consider a great essential to the rightful and lasting settlement of the question. In view of these considerations, I shall deem it my duty as President to convene Congress in extraordinary session on Monday, the 15th day of March, 1897.

Conclusion. I congratulate the country upon the fraternal spirit of the people and the manifestations of good will everywhere so apparent. The recent election not only has demonstrated the absence of any operation of sectional or geographical lines, but to some extent also the prejudices which have hitherto distracted our councils and marred our true greatness as a nation.

No North, No South.

The triumph of the people, whose verdict is carried into effect to-day, is not the triumph of one section, nor wholly of one party, but of all sections and all the people. The North and the South no longer divide on the old lines, but upon principles and politics; and in this fact surely every lover of the country can find cause for true felicitation.

Let us rejoice in and cultivate this spirit; let us endeavor to be both a gain and blessing to our beloved country. It will be constant aim to do nothing, and let nothing be done, that will arrest or disturb this growing sentiment of unity and cooperation, this revival of esteem and affection which now animates so many thousands in both the old antagonistic sections, but I shall cheerfully do everything possible to promote and increase it.

President of the Country.

Let me again repeat the words of the

oath administered by the Chief Justice, which, in their respective spheres, so far as possible, I would have all my countrymen observe: "I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States."

It is the obligation I have reverently taken before the Lord Most High. To keep it will be my single purpose, my constant prayer, and I shall confidently rely upon the forbearance and assistance of the people in the discharge of my solemn responsibilities.

ARRESTED FOR PROTESTING.

Brieman Interfered with a Man Who Was Beating a Horse.

Joseph Brieman, of No. 57 Varot street, Williamsburg, was arraigned yesterday before Justice Lemon, in the Ewen Street Police Court, on complaint of Policeman Toland, who charged him with lousing.

Brieman has a wood yard adjoining his house on Varot street. He was standing opposite his place of business on Wednesday evening, when he noticed a strange man beating a horse on the head with a stick. Brieman threatened the man with arrest, but the stranger called Brieman was interfering with his business. When Brieman attempted to explain, Toland ordered him to go into his office or he would arrest her for lousing. He refused to obey Toland and was arrested.

Justice Lemon told Brieman that his arrest was justifiable, as he refused to move on when so ordered, and then suspended sentence.

IRA LOWE NOT A BIGAMIST.

He and Bessie Lendon Held for Trial Because They Were Not Married.

Ira Lowe, the Passaic (N. J.) tailor who was arrested Wednesday night on complaint of his deserted wife, has been sent to jail to await the action of the Grand Jury. It was first thought that Lowe had committed bigamy by marrying Bessie Lendon, who has been living with him. When it was learned that they were not married, they were arrested, charged with illegally living together. The girl was also sent to jail in default of bail. She said her home was on New York street, Jersey City Heights.

When Mrs. Lowe discovered, as told in yesterday's Journal, that her husband had cheated her in their nuptial settlements, she brought suit before Judge Pryor in the Supreme Court of New York. The trial of the suit was begun on January 25 last, and resulted in favor of the defendant.

Miss Paget Sues Kittson's Daughter.

St. Paul, March 4.—Cecilia Paget, of London, a relative of Almeric Hugh Paget, of this city, who married the daughter of former Secretary of the Navy William C. Whitney, has brought a suit in the District Court of St. Paul against Mrs. Lewis Baker, Jr., daughter of the late millionaire, Commodore Kittson. Miss Paget asks for the appointment of a receiver for Mrs. Baker to collect the latter's income until she is paid \$5,729, the balance of a judgment obtained as the result of real estate transactions. Mrs. Baker is the daughter-in-law of Lewis Baker, now United States Minister to Nicaragua.

Murderers Go Insane in State Prison.

Joseph Hermes, who shot and killed his wife at their home in Newark, N. J., in 1894, and who was sentenced to twenty years in State prison for his crime, has become a raving maniac and on Wednesday was transferred to the insane asylum at Morris Plains. Carmichael Diddell, who stabbed and killed Thomas Burns, on River street, Newark, on September 13, 1892, and who received a similar sentence, has also become insane and was also transferred to Morris Plains.

PANGBORN'S FLAGS FLAUNT THE AIR.

The Veteran Nailed Them Up When McKinley Was Elected.

HIS NEIGHBORS CHEERED.

Now the Flags Are Dingy, and the Enthusiasm Seems Storm-Beaten.

BUT THE BUNTING REMAINS.

"Be the Times Good or Bad," Vows Pangborn, "They Shall Float for Four Years More, and He Puts Up Two More Banners."

The sight of the "Stars and Stripes," the glorious banner of these great United States, seems to pall on some people who live at East Orange. Drake Pangborn lives in a comfortable little house at No. 170 Dodd street there. Pangborn is a veteran of the war, employed now by the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad Company. He worked for McKinley, he shouted for McKinley, and when McKinley was elected Pangborn gaily and patriotically decorated his house with many yards of bunting. Pangborn himself climbed the ladder and with his good old right arm nailed the colors from roof to ground.

On the night after election Pangborn's neighbors serenaded him. Tar barrels went up in joyful fire. Among those who shouted loudest for McKinley were George Sewell, an inspector of gas, and Henry Wilson, a grocer. Four months have passed. The decorations on Pangborn's house remain, but they are weather-beaten, dingy and storm-tattered. Their luster and appearance displeased those who relied so loud on that November night. Residents in the neighborhood declare that Pangborn's house as it now looks does not ornament a most respectable locality. There have been signs there that the enthusiasm for McKinley is rather weather-beaten, too, by financial storms and stress.

But Pangborn declares he will not take down his flags and bunting. They shall flaunt the air, he swears, until the last day of President McKinley's term of office. The old gentleman spoke with warmth when a Journal reporter called on him yesterday.

"If the people who object to my flags," said he, "had fought for their country's freedom, as I did, in the Thirtieth New Jersey Volunteers, they would not get tired of looking at the Stars and Stripes. I wouldn't take down that flag for all the police in Orange. What's more, here are two more flags that I will drape on the front of my house, and there they shall stay for four years. There's no traitor blood in my veins, and, whether times are good or bad, these flags shall fly throughout McKinley's administration."

"Sewall called here on Tuesday," con-

cluded Mr. Pangborn. "He asked me to take down the decorations. I told him I would not, and he threatened to prosecute me. Henry Wilson told me yesterday my house was a disgrace to the street; that it looks more like a public house than a man's home. That was the sort of thing I hear every day, but it doesn't worry me. The men who talk so shouted when the flags went up, and if they don't like them now they can move away."

ELEVATOR TAKES A DROP.

Four Men and Three Women Shaken Up and Bruised—Lawyer Town's Back Sprained.

The elevator in the Germania building, at Nos. 375, 377 and 379 Fulton street, Brooklyn, shot down four stories at 3:10 o'clock yesterday afternoon and then stopped with a suddenness that threw the seven passengers—three women and four men—into a struggling heap to the floor. Several of the men were badly bruised, the elevator man's hands were torn in an effort to check the car, and one of the women fainted.

The car was in shaft No. 2, a slight iron-work affair. It stopped at the sixth floor to admit Mirabeau L. Towns, the poet lawyer, whose office is in that story; his cousin, Claude R. Lewis, also a lawyer; Mrs. William Mackay, a Mrs. Powers, R. L. Gardinere and Mrs. Frederick Crosbie, of Third avenue, Bay Ridge, who had been in the office of Delancy Nicoll. Daniel Steekers was the elevator man.

Steekers closed the door and started the car on the downward journey. The speed increased as it descended, but the passengers were not alarmed until they shot past the fourth floor, catching a glimpse of two men who were standing in front of the shaft.

Steekers, who had been clinging to the check rope in an effort to stop the car, became frightened and shouted:

"I can't stop it!"

Then he clung to the cable until he was pulled from his feet and his hands were bruised against the roof of the car. A second later the car stopped midway between the second and third floors. Every body in the car fell to the floor. They lay there in a heap, and the shaft was full of cries and moans. Mrs. Crosbie fainted, and when the others regained their feet she lay upon the floor, still and white.

There was a rush of people from all parts of the building to the second floor. Joseph Kraemer, the janitor, got a ladder and placed it up against the suspended elevator. One by one the passengers were released. Mr. Towns and his cousin carried Mrs. Crosbie to the floor, where she was revived, and went home.

Mr. Gardinere was bruised and his back was wrenched. Mr. Towns's back was sprained. Mr. Lewis was also shaken up, and Steekers's hands were skinned and bruised.

The cause of the drop is a mystery.

Fell Dead Collecting Rent.

Bernard Bauman, fifty-nine years old, of No. 260 South Ninth street, Williamsburg, dropped dead yesterday afternoon at No. 26 Montgomery street, New York. Heart disease is supposed to have been the cause of death. Bauman owns the property and went there for the purpose of collecting rent from a tenant.

Grip's Victim Attempts Suicide.

Ellis D. Moore, sixty-two years old, mentally unbalanced by the grip, attempted suicide at his home, No. 82 North Fullerton avenue, Montclair, N. J., shortly after 8 o'clock yesterday morning, by cutting his throat with a razor. Dr. H. V. Foster, who was sent for, succeeded in stopping the flow of blood and left instructions that the patient should be watched. He will probably recover if blood poisoning does not set in.

POLICE ALARM OUT FOR NEWARK PASTOR.

Rev. E. J. O. Millington, of Fairmount Baptist Church, Missing.

NOT SEEN SINCE MONDAY.

Telegram Saying He Had Met an Old College Chum in New York Last Tidings from Him.

TENDERLOIN SEARCHED IN VAIN.

Is Twenty-five Years Old, and Was Once Known as a "Boy Preacher"—Had Received Threatening Letters After Sensational Sermons.

Rev. Ernest J. Oldknow Millington, pastor of Fairmount Baptist Church, Newark, has disappeared, and his wife and father yesterday requested the police to send out a general alarm. The missing pastor has not been seen or heard from since Monday, when he went to New York to attend a conference of Baptist ministers.

The missing minister, who is the son of the Rev. William E. Millington, of Keesville, N. Y., lived with his wife at No. 102 Thirteenth avenue, Newark. They have one child, a baby boy named Ernest, who several days ago was stricken with diphtheria. This necessitated the quarantining of the house, and Mr. Millington went to board at the residence of Mrs. Ann Devoe, No. 165 Summit street.

On Monday morning, when Mr. Millington left Mrs. Devoe's house, he told her that at the close of the conference he would return to attend a meeting in Peddie Church in the afternoon, and would be home for supper. He told his wife the same thing when he called to inquire about his child, before he started for New York. That was the last seen of him by any member of his family.

Rev. Charles H. Dodd, pastor of Peddie Memorial Church, met Mr. Millington on the train, and accompanied him to the conference. When the conference adjourned at noon, Mr. Millington told Mr. Dodd he would be at the Peddie Church meeting in the afternoon. They then parted, and where Mr. Millington went after that has not been learned.

Monday night Mrs. Millington and Mrs. Devoe received telegrams from Mr. Millington, in which he said he had met an "old college chum," and would not return until morning. The one received by Mrs. Millington had been filed at a Western Union station on East Forty-second street, New York.

When Mr. Millington did not return on Tuesday his wife became anxious, but kept the matter quiet. Members of his congregation missed him from the Tuesday night

prayer meeting, but thought his absence was due to the child's illness. The same cause was assigned for his failure to appear at an entertainment given by the church Wednesday night. Meanwhile Mrs. Millington telegraphed his father at Keesville, and he reached Newark yesterday, and with Mrs. Millington called on the police and gave the particulars detailed above. Both expressed grave fear that the young minister had met with foul play in the "Tenderloin." At their request the New York police were notified and a detective aided the older Millington in a search of the hospitals and morgues in New York.

Rev. Mr. Millington was raised at Hamburg, N. Y., and graduated in 1891 from the Rochester Theological Seminary. He is twenty-five years old, and at the age of sixteen was known as the boy preacher. He accepted the pastorate of Fairmount Baptist Church a little over four years ago, and later created a sensation by his fierce attacks from the pulpit on Roman Catholics. He at that time received anonymous threatening letters. He also led a crusade against liquor sellers and newsdealers who displayed certain New York illustrated weeklies in their windows.

RUBBER TRUST RELENTS.

Gives Milltown, N. J., Another Lease of Life by Ordering Its Factory There Reopened.

The Rubber Trust has hearkened to the cries of the suffering villagers of Milltown, near New Brunswick, N. J., and has decided to reopen its factory there. When the news came yesterday that the trust had reconsidered its decision and had ordered Superintendent John C. Evans to have all the machinery cleaned and the factory superintended, joy prevailed throughout the village.

The orders that were to go to the United States Lumber Company, Newark, at New Brunswick, will now be filed by the Milltown factory.

MISTOOK THEM FOR BURGLARS.

Dr. Gale, of Westfield, Shot at Two Electric Light Inspectors.

Made nervous by the many recent burglaries in Westfield, N. J., Dr. Gale, of that place, shot on Wednesday night at William Chamberlain and George Cox, who were on their rounds, about 10 o'clock, inspecting the electric lights.

Chamberlain had climbed a pole in front of Dr. Gale's residence to repair the lamp, and was at work when the doctor rushed out of the house and shot at him. The bullet whistled very close to his head, and he lost no time in sliding down the pole.

The doctor said he thought that a burglar was making preparations to rob his house by putting out the light. The electricians say he gave no warning before shooting.

FELL DOWN NEW STANDPIPE.

James Broughton Killed by the Giving Way of a Scaffolding.

Camden, N. J., March 4.—While a gang of six men were at work on the standpipe of the water works here to-day, the scaffolding on which they were gave way. Five of the men saving themselves to places of safety on the iron work, but James Broughton missed his hold, fell down inside of the pipe and was killed.

William Rummel, who was at work at the new pumping station of the water works at Delair, was this afternoon struck by a heavy piece of iron and so badly hurt it is expected he will die.

FOUGHT FOR THE BELLE OF THE BALL.

Orange, N. J., Rivals Wanted to Escort the Maiden Home.

BATTLED AT EARLY DAWN.

With Nude Fists Harry Smith Knocked Richard Haines Out in One Round.

THE VICTIM SOUGHT REVENGE.

He Asked for a Warrant, but Both Men Were Arrested and Fined \$12.25 Each for Fighting in the Street.

A gory, bare-knuckle fight between two Orange (N. J.) youths for the hand of a maiden fair cost the gladiators \$12.25 each, besides the good will of the girl, who will now have nothing to do with either.

Harry Smith and Richard Haines met and fell in love with the lovely creature at a dance two weeks ago. Her name is withheld by the police. First Smith danced with the charmer, and when she smiled on Haines and granted him the priceless boon of a polka Smith gave way to jealous rage, which subsided when the girl again favored him. Then she danced again with Haines.

At 2 o'clock in the morning the question of who should escort the belle of the ball home came up. Smith intimated that he was fully competent to perform that service. Haines entertained the same opinion concerning himself. The argument ended in a draw. The girl went home with another fellow, while the pale-browed rival pitched a ring in the middle of Park avenue to see which should shine in future at the "steady" of the fascinating maiden.

During one unofficial round Smith so altered the natural expression of Haines's features that he had to get himself identified. When Haines grew better he went to the police court and demanded a warrant for the arrest of his rival, charging Smith with assault. But when Sergeant Leary learned that the battle was a prearranged affair he caused the arrest of both young men for fighting in the street.

The trial came off last night and now the ballwick is \$24.50 richer. Smith and Haines paid their fines promptly and meekly.

Brooklyn Amusements.

EMPIRE. MATINEE EVERY DAY.

High-Class Vaudeville. New City Sports Co.

Popular Prices, 15c., 25c., 35c. and 50c.

BARGAIN SALE OF BABIES!

WIVES, mothers and sentimental old maids and old bachelors can get lovable little atoms of humanity cheap, but must come early to avoid the crush at the counters. There is no reason why everybody should not have a baby, God bless 'em. Edward E. Rice, the ambrosial and perennial, is the author of a lullaby, and he says he would like it sung to the whole world of babies. If you buy a tot, don't forget to get a lullaby, preferably Rice's.

REARING A BOY TO BE A MILLIONAIRE

YOUTH is prodigal and the task on its face is a difficult job, but RUSSELL SAGE, who is a paragon of thrift and a might among millionaires, tells in a characteristic way how the thing may be accomplished. A revelation for ambitious mothers, who will be enabled to begin the active work of training at a minimum cost.

HE DRESSES LADIES' HAIR.

And he does it so artistically that two continents sound his praise. No oily wielder of the comb and brush is he, but a young American who works with pen and brush, CHARLES DANA GIBSON. The hair dressing of his pretty girls furnishes an interesting study.

"Women Are Made to Give Our Eyes Delight,"

But the delight of women's eyes is the **American Woman's Home Journal.**

Most complete and carefully edited supplement ever issued with a Sunday newspaper. Its contributors include the best-known writers, besides women who are well known in national and social affairs. A periodical conducted

ON NO CUT AND DRIED LINES,

but full of constant surprises in matters that are both timely and interesting. A blessing to wives and mothers; a joy to the old maid; a mentor for the new, and a visitor that softens Bridget's arrogant haughtiness and makes home happy.

THE NEW MOTHER OF PRESIDENTS.

An honor with possibilities in posterity of which every American woman would be proud. A strong, skilfully handled study of a lovable old lady by

Mrs. John A. Logan

AND

Kate Brownlee Sherwood.

WOMEN OF THE CABINET.

An Interesting pen picture of the wives and daughters who will compose the "official circle" of the new Administration. In the

American Woman's

Home Journal.

OTHER

GOOD THINGS.

Hints for Lenten Lunches. All that is latest and best in fashions. A whole page of entertaining matter for children. One of the most popular airs in vocal music. Beautiful half tone and color work.

CLOTHES OF THE HARRISON BABY

AN ex-President's daughter fares not less well than if she were born in the White House. In fact, Baby Elizabeth has all that her infantine heart could desire, but in other respects she is not different from thousands of other babies who cry until they are blue in the face and who will soon be old enough to play with papa's whiskers. Baby Elizabeth, of course, did not see the inauguration; but that doesn't matter. When she gets old enough her papa will tell her of his.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE NEW RICH

IT is not everybody who is afflicted with an abundance of this world's goods. And that is a happy provision, for riches do not mean happiness. Indeed, Weary Raggles is often happier than Mrs. Gotsum Doe, which must be a consolation to Mr. Raggles. Amelia E. Barr's "Some Miseries of the New Rich" is a fund of timely advice.